

broken sighs and broken hearts by iridescentpetrichor

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Summary:

“Hey.” Steve’s hand came down on Billy’s shoulder, pulling him away from you. Breathing a sigh of relief, you sent a grateful smile to Steve. “Back off, man.”

“Shouldn’t you be worried about your own girl?” Billy taunted, taking an antagonizing step towards him.

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You spent the majority of the party the same way you always did; standing in the kitchen, leaning against one of the counters sipping the spiked punch.

Billy approaches you, oozing with the confidence of someone who's never been told 'no' a day in his life. You refrain from rolling your eyes when he stops in front of you, grinning lazily.

"What's a pretty girl like you standing off on her own?" He filled his cup with punch, looking you up and down.

You took a long sip of your drink in the hopes that if you didn't respond, he'd get bored and walk away.

"C'mon." He leaned closer, the sickening smell of alcohol making you cringe. "You'd look prettier with a smile."

You set your drink down on the counter behind you, turning to walk away before Billy's arm catches yours.

"Come on girly, don't you want to chat?" When you finally focused on him, his grin resembled that of a shark's. It sent a shiver down your spine, pressing yourself further against the counter in an attempt to create distance between you and Billy.

You two certainly weren't the only people in the kitchen, but no one else paid either of you any mind.

Seeing Steve pushing through the crowd was like seeing a light at the end of the tunnel. You kept your gaze on him, hoping he would glance up from the ground and see you before he headed out the door, but he seemed intent on avoiding eye contact with anyone. Something was clearly wrong, but you couldn't exactly get to him easily to figure out what.

The door out to the porch was only a couple feet away from you, with Steve quickly making his way towards it. Surely he would notice you, right?

As you continued to stare him down, Billy's words practically white noise by now, he glanced up, hesitating when he saw you. It seemed to break him out of the trance he was in, making him stop for just a moment before changing course ever so slightly.

"Hey." Steve's hand came down on Billy's shoulder, pulling him away from you. Breathing a sigh of relief, you sent a grateful smile to Steve. "Back off, man."

"Shouldn't you be worried about your own girl?" Billy taunted, taking an antagonizing step towards him. You looked at Steve, confused, but he ignored you.

"I think you should mind your own business." Billy still didn't back down, cracking his knuckles, the smile never leaving his face. You stepped around him, glad he finally let go of you, stopping by Steve's side. He wasn't backing down but you could tell he didn't want to fight. With a gentle tug on his sleeve, he let you drag him outside.

"Leaving a party with another woman? What would poor Nancy think?" Billy called after him, laughing loudly when Steve flipped him off as you walked with him past the lawn and towards his car.

He was silent now, hands shoved in his pockets and gaze glued to the ground. You felt like your own breathing would disrupt his inner monologue, feeling guilty for interrupting whatever was going on with him.

"Need a ride home?" He sighed, rubbing a hand over his face. You hadn't even noticed you were by his car, too lost in your own thoughts.

"Are you okay?" You blurted out, looking him in the eyes.

He stopped for a moment, avoiding eye contact again.

"Peachy." He muttered bitterly.

"Steve," You took a tentative step towards him, a reassuring hand falling on his shoulder.

"I think—" His gaze fell to the night sky, blinking back harsh tears. "I

think Nancy just dumped me.”

“Holy shit.” You breathed out, moving to hug him. He collapsed in your arms, shoulders shaking as he sobbed. You continued to whisper comforting words as he broke down, clinging onto you for dear life.

Finally, you pulled away from him, giving him a small smile.

“How about we go back to your place and watch a movie? Just like old times, right?” He smiled for just a second, making your heart leap, before nodding.

“Yeah, I think an old-fashioned movie night is just what I need.” He said, walking around the car and climbing into the driver’s seat. You followed, cranking up the music the second it started playing. You’d be damned if Steve wasn’t going to enjoy this night. He may still love Nancy, but you can at least try to mend his broken heart.